

April 2018

1600 Wyatt Drive

Brooke M. Mims
Winthrop University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Mims, Brooke M. (2018) "1600 Wyatt Drive," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2018 , Article 42.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2018/iss1/42>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact bramed@winthrop.edu.

I loathe you little white house.
Tucked into the woods
Away from prying eyes,
In the middle of fucking nowhere.
You're the container of my worst memories.
Like when I first considered
Tearing open my wrists with a purple butcher knife
Or hanging myself from my black iron bed post.
You smell of dog shit, still stuck to my shoes.
Mold, which resides deep in my lungs.
So much anger permeated your interior.
I can see it in the doors drooping off hinges
And the fist sized holes in drywall.
The water doesn't run,
It never fucking did.
I brushed my teeth with Dasani
Washed my hands with Great Value.
You're the place where my innocence was taken
At barely ten years old.
You're where my mom and sister
Left me for needles in the arm
And crushed oxy up the nose.
You're where I learned to hate myself.

160 wyatt drive
brooke mims

61

